RACY REMINISCENCES.

The Shady Side of Life—Fallen Men and Women.

The Notorious McFarland Asleep in a Police Station—A Noted St. Louis Belle.

From the Kansas City Times.

Kansas City, May 15.—Nothing shows more clearly the restless spirit and inborn activity of the American people than the fact that every periodical mining craze is the signal for thousands to pack up on short notice and make a pilgrimage to the golden shrine. Such is the case with regard to the Couer de Alene region today, and such was the case when the great carbonate discoveries were made in Leadville in 1878. Thither they flocked from all points of the compass and Leadville, which was known only as California gulch up to that time, became famous the world over. Like Jonah's goard it sprung up, as if in a single night, from a struggling mining hamlet to a bustling, cosmopolitan city of 40,000 people, a heterogeneous mass indeed. All could not be successful, so many left cursing their luck some committed suicide, and others continued to hope against hope and manfully battle against it until luck turned their way. One fellow in particular, who had at one time been a professor in an eastern college and was on his way back, was asked by a Kansas City reporter about three years ago, how he liked Leadville. "Not very well, I assure you," was the response. "I suppose, of course," said the reporter as he glanced at the professor's immaculate shirt front, and snowy white cuffs, "that you enjoyed the society of the town while you were there." "Young man," was the sarcastic reply, "when I visit h—l it will not be for the purpose of enjoying its society but to study the laws of combustion." But this was putting it rather strong. Leadville was not always as wicked as it was painted. Having for a long time looked only at the bright side of life and wishing to look at the reverse side of the picture. the writer, a few years ago, journeyed out to the famous bonanza city while the "boom" was on. There was something fascinating about life in this far western town beyond the pale of civilazation. so much so that once within its borders a person felt loth to leave, there being a sort of magnetic attraction about the place. Everything seemed to be conducted in a different manner than elsewhere; the methods were original, and it was curious and amusing to note the characteristics of the people whom chance threw together in this lively mining town, hemmed in by the Rocky mountains, from all quarters of the globe.

ODD CHARACTERS.

Among them are many "characters." I mean men and women who possessed histories—around whose lives clustered romances, some as thrilling and as sensational as any related by a Dumas, a Gaborian or a Reade. I made mental impressions of many of these queer people and now, for the first time, will draw on memory's storehouse for material for a series of sketches for The Sunday Times. These pen portriats are drawn from life. There is no need of any romancing or fancy coloring; the bare facts themselves are romantic enough. and any extra touches would simply spoil the picture.

Some of the celebrities of the wondertul young mining camp had a national reputation. I remember particularly one cold and stormy night, nearly three years' ago, when the snow lay two feet on a level, and in some places had drifted so high as to be well nigh impassible, of being on my way to my room to take a well-earned sleep. The wind seemed to be howling a dismal requiem, and everything looked as miserable as possible. When passing the police station the lights were inviting and the fire within looked so cheerful that I could not resist the temptation to drop in and toast my shins by the stove. Sleeping on the floor were several queer ragged specimens of humanity. One of them was continually giving utterance to half suppressed groans, indicating a trouble spirit. Thinking that his mind was burdened with some weighty woe. or that his conscience was rash enough to awaken him and, without much difficulty, secured from him the story of his life, as startling and as sensational a tale of domestic intelicity, combined with high tragedy as was ever giving an airing in print. The man was Daniel McFarland. And who of our readers that has not heard of the celebrated McFarland-Richardson tragedy of November 26, 1869?

AN OLD SCANDAL.

Daniel McFarland was a man of talent and fine education, and as a lawyer, was rapidly pushing his way to the front of the New York bar. He married one of the belles of Gotham and for a long time their domestic happiness was not marred by the presence of a single cloud. Then the tempter came. His wife (now Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson) had an ambition to shine as a dramatic star, an aspiration which was sedulously cultivated by Albert D. Richardson of the New York Tribune. Richardson was an accomplished writer, was the Tribune's celebrated war correspondent, served in rebel prisons, wrote the book "Beyond the Mississippi," and was a brilliant and forcible writer from his youth. All did not seem right McFarland, who looked on Richardson's attentions to his wife with a jealous eye, and late one night in 1866, while Richardson was escorting Mrs. McFarland home from the theater, the green-eyed monster took possession of McFarland and he aimed a bullet at Richardson which, however, missed its mark. McFarland began to neglect and abuse his wife, and she, woman-like, turned, to best friend Richardson, for solace and comfort. McFarand afterwards forgave her and a reconciliation was effected. She agreed to give up Richardson's company and McFarland overlooked the past. Although possessing an exceedingly jealous disposition he relaxed his watch over his pretty wife and everything moved along quietly. But an incident soon transpired which fanned the dying embers of jealousy into a brilliant flame. McFarland was furious and applied for a divorce. This was in the fall of 1869. It was reported that the intimacy between Richardson and Mrs. McFarland had rippened into illicit love and the story of the liaison resounded throughout the land. Maddened beyond control, McFarland, although the divorce was granted, rushed down to the Tribune office one day and inquired for Richardson, but was told he had not ye come down. Presently the destroyer of his domestic happiness entered by a rear door and McFarland as quick as lightning drew his revolver and fired at Richardson as he was approaching. The wounded man was taken to the Astor house, where he lingered in great agony for several days and just as his spirit was about to take flight, Henry Ward Beecher was hurriedly sent for and, in his dying moments Richardson and Mrs. McFarland, (now divorced) who was constantly at his bedside, were made man and wife. McFarland was duly tried and acquitted; but soon gave himself up to drink and became a wanderer on the face of the earth. He has been in Kansas City a number of times during his traveles. Once he occupied a seat at Coates' opere house while his wife (Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson) was delivering a lecture on temperance or some kindred subject. Their eyes met, but they never spoke although she remained here the next day. She is now somewhere in the east doing poorly and poor McFarland lies in an unmarked grave in the Leadville cemetery.

Leander Richardson, a son of Albert D., is one of the brightest and gossipiest correspondents of the metropolis, is editor of a New York dramatic paper, and has inherited his fathers talent, and a little of his lively disposition. Ada Gilman, the charming little soubrette of the McCaul comic opera company is his recently divourced wife. Young Richardson once reported himself dead in the Black Hills, having sent to various papers a bogus eport (under an assumed name) of being slain by indians, in order to have the pleasure of reading his own obituary. The hoax was short lived and he was severely criticised. He came near having a duel with Col. McCaull not long ago owing to the hot shot he poured into McCaull, through the press, on account of the gallant colonel's marked attentions to one of the pretty chorus girls.

When "Texas Jack," whose real name was John B. Omohundro, arrived in Leadville he was greeted with a warm reception and crowds flocked around him to obtain a good view of the famous scout. His piercing black eyes, long dark hair, white sombrero hat and athletic build, coupled with his splendid reputation, made him an object of curiosity from the start. Texas Jack had also obtained some fame and a slice of fortune by starring through the country with Bill Cody's (Buffalo Bill) blood-and-thunder dramatic company. They appeared in Kansas City a few years ago and whenever Texas Jack showed himself on the streets he was followed by a large crowd of curiosity seekers.

With this troup was the celebrated danseuse, Morlacchi, one of the best dancers since the days of Fannie Elssler. The premier danseuse achieved her most brilliant success in "The Devil's Auction" when it was first brought out in New York in 1868. When "Monte Cristo" was produced at the California theatre, San Francisco, in 1870, Morlacchi gained new laurels, being the star dancer. The dancing was then in the fourth and fifth acts, afterward the ballet was brought in the first act and pantomimic and gymnastic performances were worked into the carnival scene, but many of these features have since disappeared.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Between Morlacchi and Texas Jack, when thrown together in the troup, it was a case of "love at first sight." He instantly became enamored of her, and, it is needless to say, she became smitten with the charms of the gallant frontiersman. A speedy marriage followed and they subsequently settled in Leadville, where they played a long engagement at the leading variety theatre and lived a happy married life. One night Omohundro was suddenly attacked with illness and died within a few weeks. His funeral was the largest ever witnessed in the camp. All the military companies turned out, and with bands playing a funeral dirge, the cortege slowly wended its way to the cemetery. The coffin was wrapped in an American flag and after it was lowered to the earth the troops fired several volleys over the grave and all was over. Morlacchi returned to a town in the interior of New York and there she pined in secret over the loss of her faithful husband, and, I am told, she recently died of a broken heart.

There is one incident in Texas Jack's career in Leadville worth relating, although it had been located at other places and attributed to other persons Around the postoffice there was a crowd of impertinent young tops' somewhat like the gang of shabby genteel tramps usually seen on a fine afternoon around the Diamond building at the junction, and whom the police would be justified in "running in" under the vagrancy act. The mission of the former, like that of the latter, was to stand in the people's way as much as possible, gigle at the ladies as they pass by and, through awkwardness, squirt tobacco juice on their dresses. One of the Leadville gang, more audacious than the rest, insulted a young woman as she was passing into the postoffice. Texas Jack observed the proceeding and he instantly made the young blood get down on his knees and, with head down, kiss the slightly upturned soles of the lady's shoes, and then made him fairly lick the surface of them as well as to tender her a most humiliating apology—about as near eating dirt as a man could get.

A FAMOUS WOMAN.

While passing down State street one evening the strains of music from a palatial dance house greeted my capacious ears. I strolled in to witness, for a short while, the evolutions of the fast men and still faster women as they glided through the intricacies of the mazy waltz, or, to put it in plainer but more truthful language, as they cavorted with flying hoffs through a Leadville fandango. At the head of the establishment, monarch of all she surveyed and clad in velvet and diamonds, was a dark-eyed, handsome featured woman, who ruled the place as with a rod of iron. With a 45-calibre weapon at her side, she was prompt to suppress every riot and trouble at its insipiency. There was a cold glitter in her eye, her brows were knit, and her lips were tightly compressed, which at first discouraged me from approaching her, with a view of learning something of her past history. But, after waiting patiently, her brows relaxed and her lips parted, disclosing two rows of shapely white teeth, it was while she was wreathed in this temporary smile that I made haste to form her acquaintance, a proceeding that amply repaid me.

The career of this remarkable woman reads like a romance, and fairly illustrates the adage that truth is stranger than fiction. If, as it has been ungallantly asserted, it is satan's ruling policy in winning the world to himself to select handsome women with brilliant intellects for his adjutants, then he played his cards well in this particular case. Yet she was purely a creature of circumstance, a butterfly of fashion, and whatever criticism there is should be tempered with pity. There was always an air of mystery about this cold, proud, beautiful woman and although she plunged into the giddy whirl of Leadville life and became the gayest of the gay she was as silent as the tomb when sounded about her past.

A society belle, a rebel spy, an adventuress, a queen of a faro bank, proprietress of a dance hall and a confidante of stage robbers, her life was indeed seasoned with all the elements of a first class romance, and between the yellow covers of the west sensational literature of the day seldom can be found a more wonderful or chequered career.

A REBEL SPY.

Belle Siddons, during the first years of the civil war, was the reputed belle of St. Louis. A near relative of Governor Claib Jackson's predecessor, she created quite a sensation in Jefferson City on her debut in society. A graduate of the Lexington female university, her accomplishments and beauty, and with her high family connection, made her at once the acknowledged queen of the state capital society, and around her the hot blooded gallants hovered like moths around a candle. But she kept them at their distance and preserved her heart whole and free. Captain Parish, a young journalist of St. Louis, received her love unsought, and although already betrothed to a young lady of Louisiana, Mo., he found he could not break the spell of enchantment, and he became Belle Siddon's most devoted worshipper, fought a duel with his discarded affianced's brother, followed Governor Claib Jackson's militia southward and fell mortally wounded on the first battlefield.

His death made no apparent impression on the Siddons woman. Her life continued to be a round of pleasure, a whirl of gayety. The staff officers of Generals Halleck and Curtis became fascinated with her charming ways and winning manners and the bewitching beauty, while holding them in a vice-like grasp, wormed many an army secret out of them, and could be seen almost nightly in De Bar's opera house, St. Louis, lavishing smiles on her epauletted admirers. General Curtis ordered her arrest in December, 1862, as a rebel spy. She received a hint and escaped, only to be arrested at St. Genevieve, Mo., with absolute evidence of her guilt in her possession. Brought before General Schofield she bravely confessed her crime, and without a change of countenance admitted to having constantly posted Generals Forrest and Ster-

continued on next page.